

Children's Newspaper

Every Wednesday—Threepence

FOUNDED BY ARTHUR MEE

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EXPLORING THE AMAZON

Two young men in search of the mighty river's source

As stated in the CN last week, two young British explorers—John Brown and Sebastian Snow—are in South America, seeking the true source of the River Amazon. John Brown is personally to describe some of their adventures for our readers, and this is his first dispatch from his headquarters in Peru.

When I first met Sebastian Snow I knew he would be a good man to help in the search for the true source of the Amazon. He was only 23, but had done a great deal of travelling in Northern Lapland and among the wild tribesmen of Afghanistan.

The true source of the Amazon has been in dispute ever since the river was first visited by Europeans in the year 1500. The great river is really a system of waterways, with 12 tributaries each more than 1000 miles long.

This freshwater highway across South America flows over 3000 miles from the Andes to the Atlantic Ocean. It is generally agreed that the source is in the Peruvian Andes, part of the mighty mountain spine of South America; but which river is the true source, and which lake or glacier of which river?

SPEEDIER TRANSPORT

The sources of the rivers Nupe, Ucuyali-Apurimac, and Marañon, had all been named by previous travellers, but no one before us had been able to visit all the source areas in the same season of the year. We could do this, because since the last expedition air transport had been greatly developed, and in a day we could fly over the 16,000-foot-high peaks, and then 1200 miles, whereas 30 years ago it was necessary to spend six weeks in cars and river steamers to cover the same distance.

Peru is 13 times the size of England and Wales, but has only a small population. A large part of the eastern provinces is unexplored jungle. The western coast, washed by the Pacific, is a desert 1500 miles long, on which rain never falls, and not far inland is the Andes range, running all the way down from Ecuador to the border of Chile and beyond.

IN OLD CARTAGENA

Our first port in South America was Cartagena, an old city in Colombia. Boys were playing baseball in the heavy heat, surrounded by ancient cannon, with women selling alligator skins, and beggars lying full length in the dusty streets.

Having paid a brief call on Ecuador we ran down the coast of Peru, with the Andes on our left and the broad Pacific stretching away to our right for thousands of miles. There was plenty to see—flying fish, sharks, and tarpon.

We landed at Callao, the port

from which the Kon-Tiki Scandinavian expedition sailed on its famous trip, and in Lima I found a member of the Kon-Tiki crew working for a British firm.

The British Ambassador at Lima offered Snow a monkey as a mascot for the expedition, but we had to refuse, as our first stay in the high altitudes would have finished him.

STORES ON MULEBACK

Snow and I had intended to hire llamas, the long-necked Andean camels, for transport in the Andes, but they cannot carry more than 100 lbs each, and a mule can carry three times as much, so we took mules. Snow loaded up his instruments and stores on muleback at Cerro de Pasco, a little mining town 14,000 feet above sea-level, in the central Peruvian Andes.

Thirty-five miles west of Cerro de Pasco is the Marañon source area. Previous travellers had thought the River Marañon rose from Lake Lauricocha, near here, but it was now known that other lakes south of Lauricocha had channels from the glaciers to the big lake, and the problem was how to discover the main supply source, supposing the channel was underground?

We had thought of this in England, and took a supply of green dye which could be placed in lakes, so that if these had an underground outlet it could be traced.

Continued on page 2

TOO MANY PIGS AND BABOONS

Some of us complain about the rabbits that nibble our food crops and flowers, about the birds that steal our peas, and the grey squirrels that bite through netting and eat our strawberries.

But none of these troubles compare with those of the African who depends on his crops to feed himself and his family. It is a serious matter if his crops are lost through droughts, pests, or diseases.

Two of the most serious pests are wild pigs and baboons. The pigs enter the plantations at night and do a tremendous amount of damage. The baboons will raid food crops in broad daylight if the menfolk are absent. Baboons have been seen tearing maize cobs to pieces while the womenfolk were afraid to do more than shout and threaten them with sticks. But the animals all fled at the very first sight of a man.



Just jumping for joy

LESS MAKE-UP FOR SHEEP

Because of damaged fleeces resulting from the "bloom dips" which prize sheep are given to make them look their best, many big shows are banning "any sheep found artificially coloured and otherwise faked."

At present, the head of a sheep is prepared for the show with a mixture of starch and zinc oxide, applied while wet and brushed off when dry, leaving the muzzle gleaming white. Polished hooves and horns complete the picture, while herdsmen stand by with a tin of baby powder to "touch up" their charges when required.

APRICOT SPECIAL

Railway wagons direct from Spain have arrived in London for the first time, bringing apricots in half the usual time. The wagons are called transfisa, and the axles and wheels are changed to the appropriate gauge at the Franco-Spanish frontier.

OUTWARD BOUND GIRLS

As an experiment, a course for some 50 girls has been arranged by the Outward Bound Trust, which does so much fine work for boys.

This course will be held in October at the Mountain School at Eskdale Green, in Cumberland. In addition to walking, climbing, and canoeing, there will be study of homemaking and nursing.

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CITY OF RUMOURS WHERE FOUR POWERS MEET

BERLIN has become the City of Rumours as once more the Big Powers of the East and the West turn their attention to her. Her people believe that if serious trouble breaks out in Europe they will be the first to suffer, as they have a foot in both camps.

Events have moved more rapidly there lately. Britain, America, and other nations of the Western democracies recently made peace with the democratic German Federal Republic, and, in addition, talks between the occupying powers—including the Soviets—were undertaken in Berlin on trade for all Germany, East and West of the Iron Curtain.

It was the first time for nearly two years that the Russians had been willing to meet the other Powers for discussions in the city.

Festival in Berlin

BERLIN will be thronged with young people for the next two weeks. It is the choice of World Federation of Democratic Youth and International Union of Students as the scene of the third "World Festival of Youth and Students of Peace."

The previous Festivals—at Prague in 1947 and Budapest in 1949—had one purpose: the glorification of the Communist way of life.

Few young people will go to Berlin from the free countries of Europe, and it is significant that a ban has been placed on visitors from Yugoslavia and Spain.

which the Soviets have kept sharply divided ever since Hitler was overthrown in 1945.

It seemed as if a new era of harmony was to arrive when the Russians lifted some of the trade restrictions they have insisted upon during previous months. There are, however, still restrictions on Berlin's trade with West Germany across the Soviet zone surrounding the city.

THE IRON CURTAIN

After five years, Berliners have grown almost used to having an Iron Curtain dividing their city.

Its boundary is no longer marked by soldiers on sentry duty, and the trams and buses rattle without hindrance from one part of the city to the other, while people from the Soviet zone and the Western sector mingle freely.

All the same, everyone in Berlin is aware of the tension always present between the Soviets and the West, and because their city is the only real chink in the Curtain, always there are rumours of fateful decisions about to be taken.

Russian hostility to the freedom in the Western part of the city, along with the Kremlin's fear that it will make the people in their own Eastern sector envious, has caused them to put restrictions from time to time on interchanges between the two sides of the city.

Generally speaking, on whichever side they live, the people of Berlin have come to take these things philosophically. They shrug their shoulders, and those in the Soviet sector even account themselves fortunate in some ways.

"The Soviets have tried to make our side of Berlin a showpiece," they say. "This part of the city is a sort of shop-window with all the best goods in the Soviet zone displayed. So we are a lot better off than the country people in the rest of Germany under the Russian."

This is certainly true. The Soviets are anxious to build and maintain a standard of living in East Germany which might tempt the people of the Western zone to think life under Communism has been misrepresented and might even be worth trying.

LIVING TOGETHER

This effort at rehabilitation—it is incorporated into a Five-Year Plan—offers one of the best chances of Russia agreeing to live on reasonable terms with her close neighbours on our side of the Iron Curtain. Unless both sides of Berlin are allowed enough freedom to live together and co-operate in the business of living and trading, that Five-Year Plan might be completely defeated.

So it is in Berlin that the Russians have found one city where they make difficulties for themselves if they go too far. Harsh restrictions hit them also.

Nevertheless, Berliners who remember only too well the rigours of the Soviet blockade two years ago which the Western allies only overcame by means of the airlift, are inclined to live with their fingers always crossed.

AMAZON

Continued from page 1

Leaving Snow on the high plateau at the foot of Mount Raura, 18,700 feet high, I returned to the lowlands to catch the plane for the Amazon main river.

The heat was very great—over 100 degrees Fahrenheit—and it is very uncomfortable for Europeans, as the mosquitoes seem to prefer them to the locals.

The river bungalows are built on piles, and what with the heat, the insects, the alligators (here by the hundred and thousand) and the trackless jungle farther upstream, it is not exactly a holiday resort.

The jungle is so thick that it is quite dark away from the river banks, and it is impossible to make progress without hacking a way through with a *machete*. Some people carry a scythe blade mounted on a pole in case they come across a big anaconda or water snake, and nearly all the white men outside the towns have a rifle or revolver handy.

With neither rifle nor revolver I felt quite out of it, and was glad to get on with my measurements of the Marañon and Ucayali rivers.

I am now back in Lima, having completed the first stage of the work.

Mr. Brown hopes to send the *CN* another account of his adventures and discoveries in a few weeks' time.



By the *CN* Press Gallery Correspondent

EVERYBODY likes to think of something first—to start something off. M.P.s are like the rest of us in that matter, for we all have the pioneer instinct. But the way of the originator is hard.

We are constantly up against the old saying that "there's nothing new under the sun." That was forgotten by an M.P. who, one day, told the House he had suggested the idea of a United Europe "as long ago as 1945."

Mr. Churchill, the "father" of a modern movement on these lines, could not let that pass. He pointed out that Henri of Navarre, some centuries ago, was perhaps the first statesman who tried to consolidate Europe in this way.

Now another M.P. has attributed to Mr. Neville Chamberlain, when he was Chancellor of the Exchequer, the origins of a scheme to ensure that people do not dodge taxes.

Mr. Kenneth Pickthorn immediately pointed out that Joseph used similar methods in Egypt.

LORD MANCROFT bought a new hat recently. It cost him three guineas. But he complains—jokingly, of course—that it costs him another 15 guineas to redeem it from cloakrooms where he has to leave it two or three times a week.

This, he thinks, is too much "to pay someone behind a counter in a cloakroom to rearrange the dust on it."

IN London now one may see any amount of shining limousines used by foreign diplomats. We can tell them at sight because they all carry C.D. (Corps Diplomatique) plates.

A Foreign Office spokesman has just confirmed that the use of these plates is "not officially recognised or authorised in this country."

MINISTER: The hon. member has, I believe, recently become a father. (He congratulates him.)

HON MEMBER: The Minister has attributed to me a recent degree of paternity which I have not had. (The Minister has congratulated the wrong M.P. He apologises.)

Is the equipment of some new State secondary schools too lavish? Brigadier Ralph Rayner, M.P. for Totnes, thinks so. He has asked the Minister of Education to keep it down to "the Eton and Harrow standard of amenities."

SIR HERBERT WILLIAMS, M.P. for Croydon, is the son of a schoolmaster. The school was in a Cheshire village which had no piped water supply, and the Williams household relied on a pump.

"If a schoolboy did something wrong," says Sir Herbert, "he didn't have to write 'lines,' but he had to take turns at the pump, which was a good idea, because it kept him in good condition."

News From Everywhere

BRAVO LEICESTER!

A national competition for the best Air Training Corps guard of honour has been won by the Leicester Squadron, Worthing being second, and Portsmouth third.

A canoe trip across England by estuary, river, and canal will be made by ten Rover Scouts of the 3rd Priddlewell (Essex) troop.

To aid the Medical Research Council in its study of sea-sickness and preventive drugs, a wave-making apparatus has been installed in Portobello Pool, Edinburgh.

£1000 in pennies

Scottish Sunday-school children have contributed £1016 in pennies to the David Livingstone National Memorial at Blantyre.

Two children in one family at Bromley, Kent, have recently been awarded exhibitions to the Royal Academy of Music—Elmer Cole (aged 12) for the flute, and his sister Valerie (11) for the cello.



Three girls from the Sutton Adult School gave a demonstration of skipping as part of a display called Sports Review at Brockwell Park, South London.

A garden with strongly-scented flowers is to be made for blind people in a recreation ground at Barnet, Herts.

Australia is having its severest winter for many years, with widespread snowfalls.

The London Choral Society has organised a Festival exhibition of documents connected with Handel's Messiah. It will be at the British Museum until the end of August.

BY DONKEY TO TIBET

Mrs. le Geyt Daniell, who recently died at Bath, was in her 106th year. She was born in India, and in 1876 journeyed to Tibet on a donkey.

Road casualties during May were the heaviest since last September, totalling 18,433. Deaths numbered 444. Children were involved in 4120 accidents compared with 3587 in April and 3759 in May last year.

Mr. Edward Alicard, of Cobham, Surrey, is back in England after twice crossing the Atlantic single-handed in his 34-foot yawl, Temptress. He started on the outward journey in May 1949.

£7000 for four hoo's

The sum of £7000 was recently paid in London for the set of four volumes of J. J. Audubon's famous Birds of America, published in Edinburgh between 1827 and 1838. It contains 435 coloured plates.

A memorial stone to Richard Baxter, the eminent 17th-century Puritan divine, has been set up on the village green at Rowton, near Wellington, Shropshire, close to the house where he was born.

A De Havilland Comet jet airliner has flown the 6212 miles from London to Johannesburg in the record time of 17½ hours—nine hours faster than the average airliner.

Mobile stores and showrooms are now being used by retailers and manufacturers in the Middle West of the U.S.A.. Some firms claim treble business.

A memorial garden to the famous actor Sir Henry Irving has been opened in Charing Cross Road, London.

The Tower of London is now open on Sunday afternoons.

A new cold-weather tomato plant on sale is claimed to be resistant to eight degrees of frost.

NO GUM, CHUM

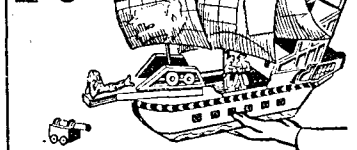
Because of complaints about gum-smears on dresses and suits the free issue of chewing-gum aboard BOAC Speedbird airliners has stopped.

Build this magnificent

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ALL FOR

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Including Cannon, Pirates, Treasure Chest, Barrel, etc.

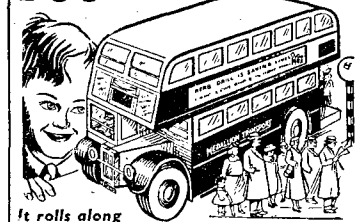
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The Children's Newspaper, August 4, 1951

JACKDAW PALS AT CATERHAM

A young reader has written to tell us about the pally jackdaws of Caterham School, Surrey.

They have been brought up by several boys at the school, each boy having taken one young bird, and only one, from a nest. Now they can fly and live freely, but each one comes down from trees or school buildings when its master makes his own special call, and perches on his shoulder or arm while searching for whatever tit-bits the boy may have.

On the cricket field, however, the birds are sometimes an embarrassment. Seeing their masters playing, they invade the pitch, anxious to join in the game. Fortunately the jackdaw, unlike the duck, is not a bird of ill-omen.

MEN OF THE THEATRE

Mr. Somerset Maugham has left to the National Theatre his wonderful collection of theatrical pictures; it comprises some 40 oils, mostly by Zoffany, and 40 water-colours by De Wilde, and is thought to be the finest collection of its kind after that of the Garrick Club.

The paintings are now on view in the Victoria and Albert Museum, South Kensington, in the new theatrical room.

There are portraits of Garrick by Sir Joshua Reynolds and Vanloo. Theatrical productions are represented by Sir William Beechey's "Scene from Richard III," Clint's "Edmund Kean as Richard III," and by the work of such men as Hamilton, Hayman, Burke, and Bass.

GALLANT GUIDE

The Gilt Cross for life-saving has been awarded to 14-year-old Guide Stanley Perry of Truro.

A small child who was paddling was washed out to sea in rough weather at Porthdown Beach. Guide Perry climbed over some rocks, jumped into the sea, and though in danger of being dragged out herself by the huge waves, grabbed the child and stood holding it until help arrived.



Holiday for Horses

Horses need rest as well as people, so every year these Sunderland Dray horses leave the noisy city for a two-week holiday on a farm at Castle Eden.

LANGUAGE THAT IS DYING

A complete phonetic rendering of the Manx language, a form of Gaelic that till recently could still be occasionally heard in the Isle of Man, has been presented to the Isle of Man by the Norwegian Government to celebrate the Festival of Britain.

This unique record of the Manx language, which is contained in five thick manuscript volumes, was made by Dr. Carl J. S. Marstrander, Professor of Celtic in the University of Oslo, 20 years ago. To make it he painstakingly recorded in phonetic symbols the speech of ten of the last Manx speakers on the island, all of whom are now dead.

The recent census has also revealed a big drop in the number of Scots who speak only Gaelic. Today they number 2652 as against 6716 in 1931. Also the number speaking both Gaelic and English is 91,630 compared with 129,419 twenty years ago.

FOR DOG SPOTTERS

A new branch of the Cory Nature Club, which observes and records many kinds of natural life, has just been formed in conjunction with the National Canine Defence League, which started the Dog Spotters' Club.

More than 50,000 boys and girls all over the world have passed the Dog Spotters' Club tests, in which they qualify for membership by spotting 12 types of dogs, and then as full members, spot and make records of 95 other breeds. On the practical side they are required to help and care for dogs.

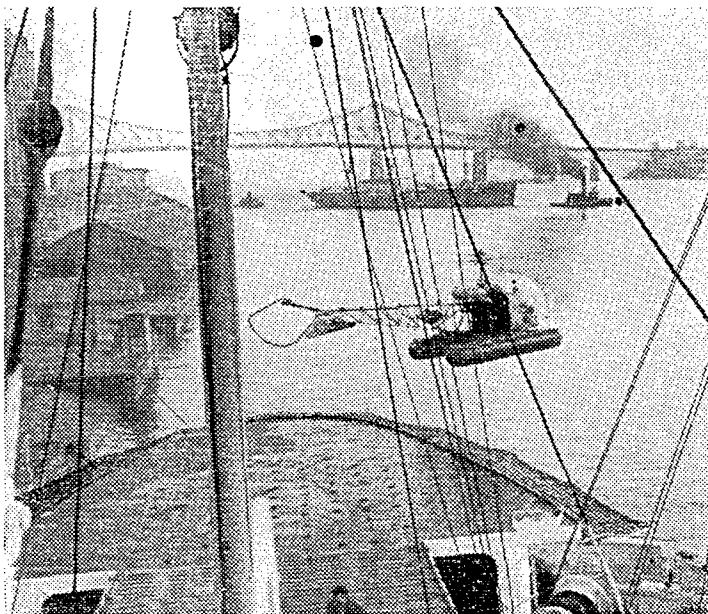
The new branch of the Cory Nature Club has been formed to maintain the interest of those who have completed the tests of the Dog Spotters' Club.

CLOTH PICTURE

Mr. H. J. Potts, of Kettering, has made a picture of the South Bank Exhibition with hundreds of pieces of cloth!

It took Mr. Potts 200 hours to complete his cloth canvas, and it has been displayed in the local Festival Exhibition.

OFF TO THE ARCTIC



When the Canadian supply-ship C. D. Howe leaves Montreal for a three-months' round of the meteorological, mining, and fur-trading settlements along the eastern coast of Arctic Canada, she will carry two helicopters. The ship's afterdeck has been specially strengthened as a landing deck.

In the past, supplies have had to be ferried between ship and shore by whale-boat, or manhandled across moving sea-ice to the shore settlements. The helicopters make it possible to lift supplies direct from ship to shore. They also prove invaluable in piloting the supply-ship through pack ice, particularly when she reaches the narrow, ice-jammed straits leading to the R.C.A.F. meteorological station at Alert, in the extreme north of Ellesmere Island, barely 600 miles from the North Pole.

The picture above shows a helicopter making a trial take-off and landing in the St. Lawrence, at Montreal, before departure.

The C. D. Howe was commissioned last year. She replaces the Hudson's Bay Company Clyde-built Nascopie, lost when she ran aground off Baffin Island shortly after the war while returning from the settlements which the C. D. Howe is to visit this summer.

NEW ATLANTIC LINER

The new Dutch Atlantic liner, the Rijndam, which came into service last month, is designed almost exclusively for tourist passengers. Only 40 out of her 900 passengers travel first-class. She is a ship of 15,000 gross tons, which was originally laid down as a merchant hull, and is the famous Holland America Line's attempt to solve the problem of rising passenger fares.

A ship almost exclusively for tourist travel is something new in the North Atlantic services, where former vessels have varied between luxury liners and, in former days, emigrant liners which carried vast numbers of emigrants in conditions of considerable discomfort.

Although the Rijndam has a much greater passenger list, ton for ton, than modern Transatlantic liners, everything has been done to use space to the best advantage.

SUIT-ABLE

Orlon, a new synthetic fibre which threatens to rival nylon in popularity, is to be tried out for clothing. It is claimed to be as warm as wool, about one third lighter, and able to resist acids and sunlight. It is made from a substance called acrylonitrile.

LONDON'S BUSY AIRPORT

During this Festival Year over a million passengers will pass through London Airport.

The aircraft using the airport will require 15 million gallons of petrol—enough for every car in Britain to travel over 100 miles.

WHITE TRIBAL CHIEF

At the request of a New Guinea tribe a white man has become their chief. He is Stephen Romney M. Gill, aged 65, who first went to the island of Manus, off New Guinea, in 1909 as a Church of England clergyman. Now an archdeacon, he recently retired on account of illness, and came home.

Then the chief of the Binangere tribe died, and a letter was sent to Archdeacon Gill in the name of the 4000 members of the tribe. It expressed sorrow at the illness and absence of the archdeacon, and asked him to return. Now he is back in Manus, installed as chief of the tribe.

During his years of service in Manus Archdeacon Gill was responsible for building a church, a school, a wharf, and workshops.

THANK OFFERING FOR WATER

Visitors from many parts of the north of England will travel on Saturday, August 4 to Stoney Middleton, in Derbyshire, to see the floral shrines erected near the Well Chapel of St. Martin, patron saint of cripples, as a token of thanksgiving for the gift of water.

The wells, to which medieval pilgrims once went in search of healing, will be decorated with tapestries of ferns, flowers, reeds, and mosses gathered from the moors and meadows. The subject for portrayal in flowers is Christ's triumphal entry into Jerusalem.

*You'll never meet
REG HARRIS..*



*riding anything
but*

DUNLOP

Anna Maria makes her bow

THE most remarkable feature of the new Bing Crosby musical, *Here Comes the Groom*, is contributed by a young girl, Anna Maria Alberghetti. She has a voice of extraordinary range and power, and she sings *Caro Nome* as though she were a grown-up prima donna.



Anna Maria Alberghetti

Paramount have a real find in her, and it will be interesting to see what they do with her in her next film. In *Here Comes the Groom* she has only one short scene, and it is impossible to assess her acting abilities.

Frank Capra, who produces and directs, has some charming sequences at the beginning.

Peter Garvey (Bing Crosby) is a roving newspaper correspondent who is writing a series of articles on war orphans in France. Bobby (Jacky Gancel) and Suzi (Beverly Washburn) become very fond of him, and he adopts them and takes them back to the States.

He is expecting to marry Emmadel Jones (Jane Wyman), but owing to a misunderstanding she has become engaged to millionaire Wilbur Stanley (Franchot 'Tone).

There is plenty of amusing incident and a few good songs before

By Eric Gillett, the C N Film Correspondent

the happy ending, but the first part is so much better than the second that the film gave me the curious impression that it was running downhill.

It is worth seeing for Anna Alberghetti, for Crosby's polished performance and his contest of wits with Franchot 'Tone, and for a pleasant little sketch by Alexis Smith as a distant cousin of Wilbur.

PETER USTINOV, one of the most interesting personalities of the stage and screen today, is an admirable comic character actor.

In *Hotel Sahara*, a knockabout farce with a desert setting, Ustinov appears as the harrassed proprietor of a luxury hotel in an oasis. He is very much upset when the Italian's declare war, and he is persuaded with difficulty by his fiancée, Yasmin (Yvonne De Carlo), to remain.

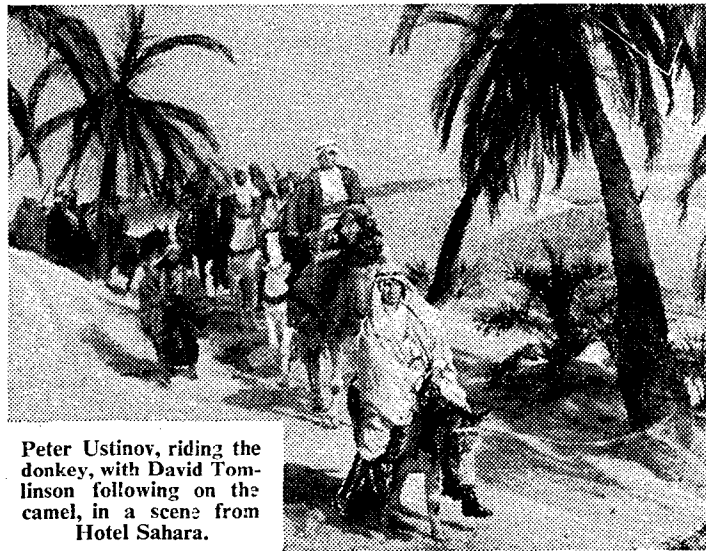
They have a very exciting time as the British, Germans, Italians,

and French all turn up at different points in the story. The hotel staff are kept busy substituting portraits of Hitler for Churchill and vice-versa, and the officers of the various armies are compelled to adopt numerous disguises.

Hotel Sahara is only intended to amuse, and when I saw it the audience laughed most of the time. David Tomlinson, Roland Culver, and Albert Lieven are all good, and various goats go through their parts most naturally and without any trace of camera-shyness.

There is none of the polish that marks *Laughter in Paradise* or *The Lavender Hill Mob*, but there is plenty of rough-and-tumble humour. Whenever the film shows signs of flagging, Peter Ustinov or David Tomlinson comes to the rescue. Yvonne De Carlo sings and dances with spirit, but seemed to be slightly surprised to find herself in such a very British picture.

There is a pleasantly ironic ending.



Peter Ustinov, riding the donkey, with David Tomlinson following on the camel, in a scene from *Hotel Sahara*.

NO MORE STRIFE ABOUT JULIET

The dispute between the Italian towns of Verona and Vicenza, both of which claim to be the scene of Shakespeare's *Romeo and Juliet*, has at last been settled, the town of Mantua intervening as peacemaker.

Shakespeare wrote:

*Two households, both alike in dignity,
In fair Verona where we lay our scene . . .*

and this the people of Verona considered was a good enough authority. In 1935 the house in which Juliet was supposed to have lived was restored and a museum established there.

Then a scholar from Vicenza said that the rival families of Montague and Capulet lived at Vicenza, not Verona, and that started the row.

"Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?" heatedly cried the people of Verona—or words to that effect, to which the scholar may have replied: "No, sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, sir; but I bite my thumb, sir," which equivocal answer did not wipe out the insult any more than it did in the play.

The insult was made worse by

the Vicenza folk restoring a castle where they said Juliet lived, and showing visitors the very bed in which she slept.

Furious letters and articles were published in the papers, and eventually a party of young men from Verona went to Vicenza, broke into the castle, and took away Juliet's alleged bed, leaving a defiant message behind. Young men from Vicenza reacted violently. They went to a castle at Verona and carried off a suit of armour which had belonged to the Prince of Verona.

Neutral neighbours must have cried: "A plague o' both your houses!" and the raids might have developed into "civil brawls, bred of an airy word" had not Mantua—which comes into the *Romeo and Juliet* story as the place where Romeo bought his poison—intervened, and summoned the partisans of Verona and Vicenza to a special arbitration court.

It was agreed that both Verona and Vicenza should return the trophies they had lifted, and the trial ended in a friendly feast held in a castle courtyard at Mantua.

GUY'S GAMES ARE TOO ROUGH NOW

By Craven Hill, our Correspondent at London Zoo

ONE of the most unusual man-and-animal partnerships ever seen at Regent's Park—that of Headkeeper L. G. Smith of the monkey house, and the gorilla Guy—will shortly be coming to an end.

Guy, obtained from the Paris Zoo in 1947 at the age of 2½ years, has of recent years been the special care of Keeper Smith, and became so fond of him that Mr. Smith could safely go into the cage with the young gorilla. His visits, indeed, were daily ones, the gorilla looking on, and occasionally playing with Keeper Smith, while the latter cleaned (or tried to clean) his cage.

Now in his seventh year, Guy is reaching the dangerous age, and although as yet he has shown no hostility towards his keeper, his play is becoming too rough for comfort.

"The trouble is not so much that he may turn on me, as his strength," Mr. Smith told me. "He is already capable of throwing me to the floor."

"His powers can also be seen when he is playing with an old motor tyre. Sometimes, instead of rolling it as a chimpanzee would do, he puts one hand on the top of the circle and presses it, without any apparently effort, right down to the rim below! It takes some strength to do that. You try it!" Mr. Smith added humorously.

"This will be the last season we shall be seen in the cage together. After that, Guy will have to be first shut away in his bedroom when his outer cage has to be cleaned."

VISITORS will miss another old favourite in the Gardens. He is the Himalayan black bear Jimmy, who has died of old age.

Jimmy arrived in 1935 as a cub and quickly became a popular comedian, amusing all by his original tricks. In pre-war years he made countless folk laugh on account of his greedy way of eating ice-creams, of which he was

sometimes given as many as 20 or 30 a day.

How many ice-creams Jimmy could put away in a day is problematical, but the number is probably not far short of the number of buns an elephant could dispose of in a similar period!

For the first time in the Zoo's 123 years a West African native has joined the menagerie staff. He is 26-year-old Philip Mensah, who was for several years head animal boy to Mr. G. S. Cansdale, the Zoo superintendent, when he was serving in the Forestry Service.

"I had Mensah with me at Oda and Kumasi and trained him myself in the collecting and packing of live animals, and the preparing of museum specimens," Mr. Cansdale told me.

"Since I left the Coast in 1949 Mensah has been technical assistant in the zoology department of the Gold Coast University at Achimota. Now he wants to enlarge his experience still further, and has come over to this country to do a three-month course at the London Zoo. He will work at each of the Zoo houses in turn so as to gain maximum experience in the handling of wild animals in captivity."

Philip Mensah did not come to the Zoo empty-handed. With him from the Gold Coast he brought many reptiles for the Zoo, including a puff-adder, a monitor, and 15 skinks (small desert lizards). He also brought some huge insects.

ROUGHING IT

Sandstorms and thundershowers were specially manufactured for the endurance test of a Rolls Royce turbo-jet engine to provide similar conditions to those in which it is expected to serve.

It ran 500 hours continuously in a hangar at Derby and emerged triumphantly, even though hoses were sprayed on to the engine and it consumed two cwt. of sand.

NEW PLANES FOR THE WORLD'S AIRWAYS



20. The Ilyushin IL-12

The Soviet State Airline, Aeroflot, has long relied on the LI-2 (Soviet-built DC-3) airliners to bear the brunt of the passenger and freight work on its vast network of domestic services. Realising, however, the need for replacing these sturdy old-timers with faster and more efficient machines, it was decided to approach Sergei Ilyushin—famed for his wartime *Stormoviks*—to produce a new medium-range airliner.

The result can be seen in the handsome lines of the IL-12, a 27-32 seat aircraft now in large-scale service in Russia, and also flying with Czechoslovak Airlines, and L.O.T., the Polish organisation.

The two engines are 1775 h.p. ASH-82 radials, which give the machine a cruising speed of 220 m.p.h. at 8200 feet. A freight version carries a payload of 8800 lbs.

Wing span of the IL-12 is 140 feet, and its length is 70 feet.

Please, Daddy,
I want
Cadburys!



He wants Cadburys Dairy Milk Chocolate—and he's right.

It has a lovely creamy taste, and that's why it's often saved specially for children. Everyone who likes milk chocolate says

"Please . . . I want Cadburys!"



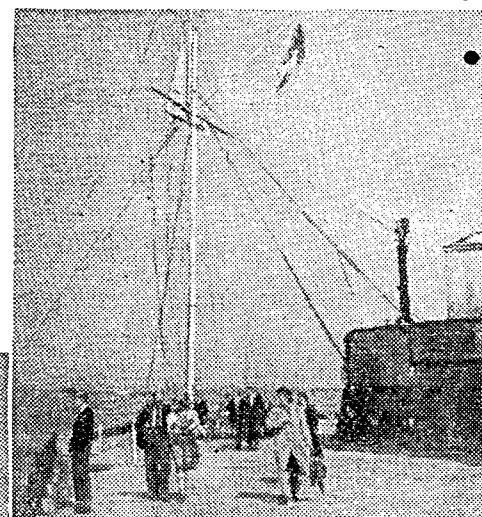
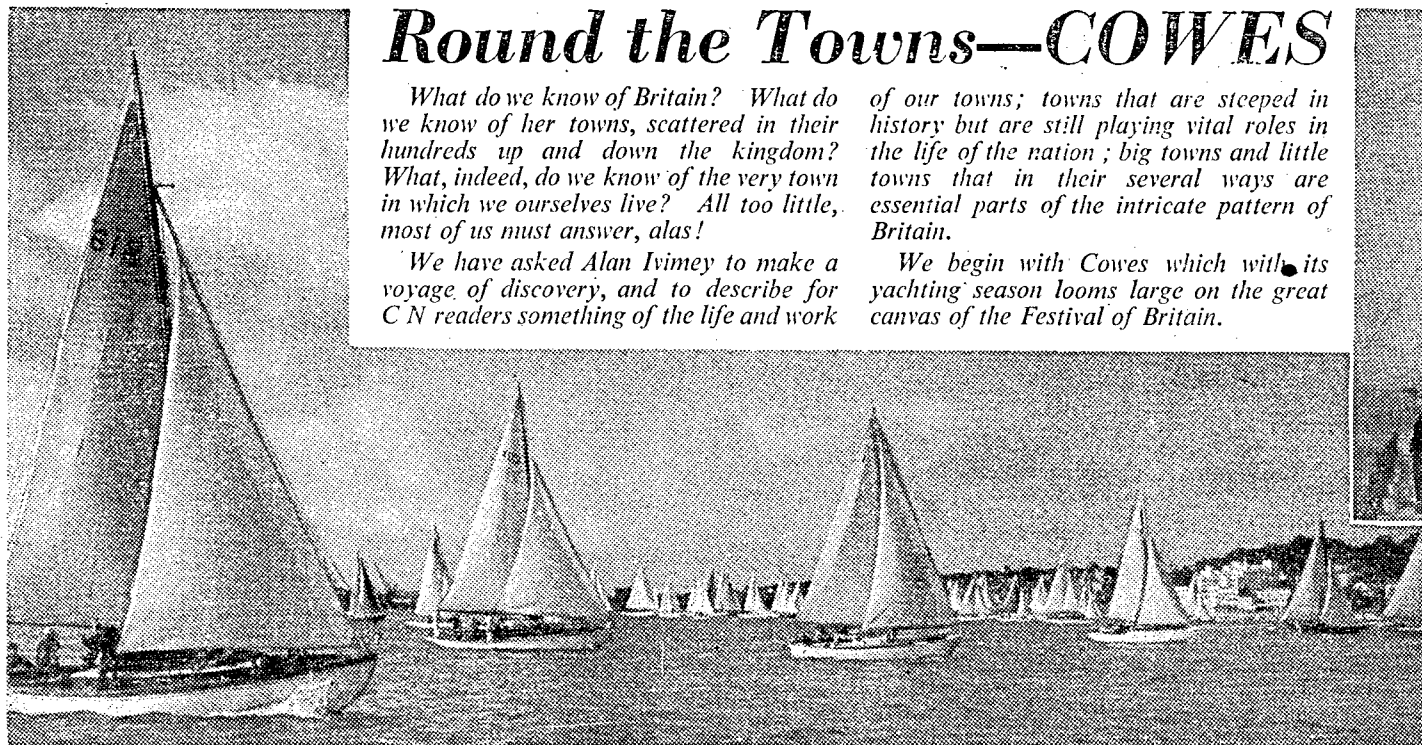
Round the Towns—COWES

What do we know of Britain? What do we know of her towns, scattered in their hundreds up and down the kingdom? What, indeed, do we know of the very town in which we ourselves live? All too little, most of us must answer, alas!

We have asked Alan Ivimey to make a voyage of discovery, and to describe for C N readers something of the life and work

of our towns; towns that are steeped in history but are still playing vital roles in the life of the nation; big towns and little towns that in their several ways are essential parts of the intricate pattern of Britain.

We begin with Cowes which with its yachting season looms large on the great canvas of the Festival of Britain.



White sails unfurled in the Solent, off Cowes; and (above) the flagstaff at the Royal Yacht Squadron.

EVERYONE knows that Sheffield's business is steel and Great Yarmouth's kippers and trippers, but as a rule the only time that Cowes gets into the news is during the yacht-racing season. If you go to this little town on the north coast of the Isle of Wight, however, you find (to your surprise, maybe) that in its way it is just as much industrial as Sheffield and much less a seaside resort than Great Yarmouth.

Towns, like people, usually do their particular jobs for a good and individual reason, and Cowes became the most famous yachting centre in the world because it was always an ideal place for building boats, and so pleasantly and conveniently situated for sailing them that royalty patronised the place for the purpose, from William IV onward.

Cowes people are traditionally boat-builders—and boat-sailors. They also serve boats. For instance, one of the first things I noticed was a shop-sign *House and Yacht Decorator*. And, of course, they victual yachts, make sails and rigging and dinghies, and cater for yachtsmen ashore.

Arising naturally out of all this is the fact that the same sort of skills, acquired through centuries, have developed into making Cowes what it is now—a place where they build not only yachts but the

smaller types of warships, flying-boats, lifeboats. Craftsmen whose fathers and great-grandfathers built the hulls of tea-clippers, paddle-and-sail P. and O. liners, revenue cutters, and smugglers' boats are obviously the men to build the hulls of giant flying-boats. And they do.

So, when you get to Cowes, probably by the paddle-boat from Southampton—although my own first visit was by a small coasting steamer from the Thames—you will find yourself sailing into the miniature estuary of the River Medina which splits the town (and almost the Isle of Wight) in two—East Cowes and West Cowes.

The curious name of the town, by the way, appears to derive from the two forts built, on either side the mouth of the river, by Henry VIII to keep out the French who used to find the Island a convenient place to raid. "Cow," meaning intimidate, seems to have been used as the name for this kind of fortification.

Well, you land at Fountain Pier, which is not a pier in the ordinary seaside sense—in fact, there isn't one at Cowes—and find yourself in what might be an inn-yard with a covered entrance, which has turned itself into a bus-station. This opens on to a High Street of very Old English narrowness.

One way, upstream, takes you past the police station and the little red-and-grey house where that famous headmaster of Rugby School, Dr. Arnold, was born; and then past a building labelled *Medina Commercial Wharf and Legal Quay* to where the highway ends, literally, in the river. Then you take a curious contraption known as the Floating Bridge, across the modest Medina to East Cowes. Following High Street the other way, seaward, takes you to The Parade.

But this is not a "seaside promenade" with bandstands. It is a riverside walk and car-park from which to gaze at the Solent and the yachts, as well as one of the finest views in England. At the near end you can find a tablet recording the sailing from Cowes of the good ship *Ark-and-Dove*, in 1633, to found a colony in Maryland, North America.

THEN you pass various yacht clubs, an old inn, a block of modern flats, and so reach the premises of the Royal Yacht Squadron, built round the grey tower of one of the original of the two "Cows."

From the signal lodge at the entrance gate, under the big mast whence fly the flags to control the racing, you look seaward, down the Solent for eight miles or so towards the dark lump of the Gilekier Fort, guarding Portsmouth. Westward you can see to beyond the mouth of the Beaulieu River.

Here, on the finest yacht-racing water in the world, the Squadron

was founded in 1825 and, for years later, was granted the privilege of flying the White Ensign by William IV. The Sovereign of England has always been Admiral of the Squadron ever since.

The racing season lasts from May to August and is controlled by a Sailing Committee. One member works the flag signals, one the starting guns, and two more are engaged with timing.

Round the base of the old fort is a bastion with a battery of 22 saluting cannon, originally made for a model warship which used to float on Virginia Water, near Windsor. They are fired on Royal birthdays and Coronation days.

THE residential part of West Cowes climbs a hill behind the Royal Yacht Squadron, but all the waterside is devoted either to shops or shipbuilding. By the same token the big block of flats is not in use for visitors but mostly by people who serve the industries of the town. (The big flying-boat works alone employs 2000 people, and has part of an entire building estate at East Cowes for employees and their families.) Nor is there any beach at Cowes.

There is another side of the picture, too. There are dreadful mean streets near the waterside; and the place suffered severely from air raids during the war because of its shipyards.

HIGHER upstream are docks and slipways where destroyers and sloops and fast motor torpedo-boats are built for our own and other nations' navies, and also the

lifeboats for which the name of Cowes is famous everywhere. One firm recently completed its hundredth lifeboat for the R.N.L.I.

On the crest of the hill above East Cowes stands Osborne House, the palace built for Queen Victoria. It is now a museum, but there is still a touch or two to suggest that this was once the home of a mother and her children.

The lovely landscape sloping down to the Solent on the far side is still much as it was when the great Queen-Empress knew it and loved it; and you can still walk along to the timber-built Swiss Cottage where the grandfather of our present king, with his brothers and sisters, played at "shops" and learned to cook on a miniature kitchen range.

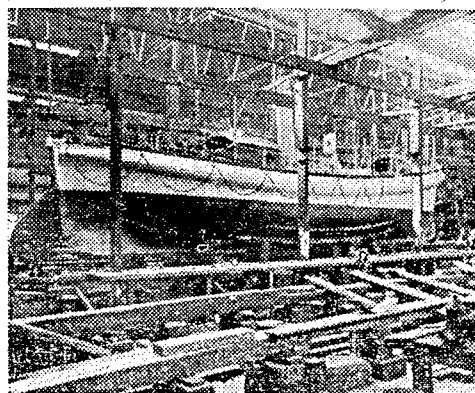
But nicest of all was a blackbird singing in an ilex tree, transplanted from somewhere in the Mediterranean.

STILL, the memory of Cowes which remains is the view from the Parade. Not far away lay an Egyptian destroyer, its green flag waving astern, calling at Cowes for repairs. Ships of all nations and sizes and colours were entering or leaving Southampton Water, beginning or ending a voyage across the Atlantic; thousands come here just to see that.

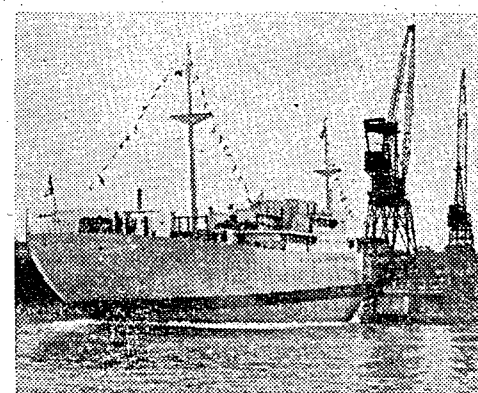
On the far side, Calshot way, one of the big flying-boats was coming down on the water, and as she banked for the final run in she changed tint from grey to white as the sun caught her hull and wings. The craftsmen of Cowes, who build boats which are not only fast but which will stand the power of the open sea, built that big sky-yacht, too.



Looking down on Cowes, divided by the River Medina.



The shipbuilding industry—left, a life boat on the stocks; right, launching a 3600-ton ship.



(Beken & Son, Cowes)

Children's Newspaper

John Carpenter House
Whitefriars · London · EC4

AUGUST 4 1951

AUGUST, MONTH OF HOLIDAYS

IN spite of all the plans to stagger holidays through the summer months August remains the most-favoured holiday month. Now more than ever is the call of the hills and the sea insistent; now more than ever are the roads and railroads thronged with people on holiday pleasures bent.

It is true, as Shakespeare knew, that

*If all the year were playing holidays,
To sport would be as tedious as to work.*

But it is equally true that all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy, and when holidays come round we do well to savour them to the full.

But there are still duties to be observed. We have an obligation to see that the beaches, the hills, the footpaths, and the fields are kept free from litter. We who enjoy picnics by the seaside and in the countryside today must always bear in mind that others will be there hoping to enjoy picnics on the morrow.

DURING the next few weeks millions of us will cast off dull care and go holiday-making. We shall enjoy ourselves all the more if we remember that others will follow in our wake—hoping also to enjoy themselves.



Under the Editor's Table

PETER PUCK
WANTS TO
KNOW

If ploughboys always
turn up at work

In the past domestic workers had no proper standing. But rarely sat down.

A resident in the Falkland Islands sent his dinner jacket 7000 miles to be cleaned. Seems a bit far-fetched.

BILLY BEETLE



TEAR DOWN THESE BARRIERS

IT must be seldom that the producers of a book are sad that it should have to be published, and hope the day will soon come when it will be unnecessary.

Such a book, however, is one recently published by Unesco, and called Trade Barriers to Knowledge (Stationery Office, 6s.). It exposes the customs duties and other import restrictions which many countries impose on books, newspapers, and music from lands; and on paintings, sculpture, scientific equipment, films, and even materials for the blind.

All these restrictions make it difficult for people to obtain things which, as Unesco says, "are desperately needed as aids to the cause of enlightenment."

Unesco urges governments to remove these barriers to knowledge. Culture has nothing to declare to the customs man but her right to cross all frontiers unhindered.

Humdrum activity

"OH, I do love a lovely bunch of telegraph poles," seems to be the signature tune of woodpeckers at Santon Downham, Suffolk.

Although this pleasant place is surrounded by the trees of a Forestry Commission plantation, the woodpeckers prefer telegraph poles and have badly damaged 12 of them.

A possible explanation of their peculiar taste is that they use the telegraph poles as drums on which to beat a rhythmic serenade. Another theory is that the humming of the wires makes the birds think bees and honey are there, and Post Office engineers have been working on a plan to make wires hum less.

But whether it's drums or hums, the long-suffering G.P.O. wishes the woodpeckers wouldn't.

More farthings are being struck at the Royal Mint than ever before. The little things cannot hit back.

Soap should be used in moderation where the face is concerned, says a beauty specialist. Schoolboys heartily agree.

To avoid dust, coal merchants should use a fork for filling sacks, instead of a shovel. Or better still, coal.

Hirers of deck chairs sometimes have to leave half-a-crown deposit. That makes them sit up.

The Editor's Table

Camp in church

FORTY students from America, from Germany and Switzerland, from Holland and Italy, are camped in a church in Deptford. They are building a new roof for the church as part of an international work plan to restore bombed churches.

Last year a similar party removed the rubble from the crypt, and turned the basement into a social centre. This year the good work goes on.

There is no discord in this international gathering. Nationality matters not; all are united in a good task.



New Nelson Statue

This new bronze statue of Nelson has been erected at Portsmouth, near the beach from which he embarked for his last voyage. The sculpture, 8 ft. 9 ins. high, is by Mr. F. Brook Hitch, and shows the great admiral wearing the uniform in which he was killed at Trafalgar. It was given to the city by Dr. Herbert J. Aldous.

Perfumed films

A MILAN scientist has perfected a system by which the appropriate perfume or smell can accompany the showing of the film. So far he has listed 51 perfumes which can be automatically introduced into a cinema at the right time.

It sounds like a new form of torture. We shudder to think of the scent which might be deemed appropriate for some of the films shown to the public.

HOME

Oh, the auld house, the auld house,
What though the rooms were wee?
Oh! kind hearts were dwelling there,
And bairnies full o' glee;
The wild rose and the jessamine
Still hang upon the wall,
How many cherished memories
Do they, sweet flowers, recall?

The mavis still doth sweetly sing,
The bluebells sweetly blaw,
The bonny Earn's clear winding still,
But the auld house is awa'.
The auld house, the auld house,
Deserted though ye be,
There ne'er can be a new house
Will seem sae fair to me.

Lady Carolina Nairne

JUST AN IDEA

As Thomas Carlyle wrote:
Every noble work is at first
"impossible."

FOUR BELLS WILL CALL THEM

FOUR bronze bells cast in Britain have been hung up in the four permanent health camps for New Zealand children; and each bears an inscription in memory of Dr. Ada Paterson, who died 14 years ago after a lifetime devoted to the health of the children of New Zealand.

For 15 years Dr. Paterson was director of school hygiene in the Dominion. She devoted her attention to the questions of hours of work for young people, care of schoolchildren's teeth, improving the standard of physical development, and seeing that school lunches were the best available.

New Zealand does well to honour the memory of Dr. Ada Paterson, and she could not have chosen a more beautiful way.

In praise of Brighton

It is the fashion to run down George the Fourth, but what myriads of Londoners ought to thank him for inventing Brighton! One of the best of physicians our city has ever known is kind, cheerful, merry Doctor Brighton. Hail, thou purveyor of shrimps and honest prescriber of South Down mutton! There is no mutton so good as Brighton mutton; no flies so pleasant as Brighton flies, nor any cliff so pleasant to ride on; no shops so beautiful to look at as the Brighton gimcrack shops, and the fruit shops, and the market. I fancy myself in Mrs. Honeyman's lodgings in Steyne Gardens, and in enjoyment of all these things.

Thackeray

The solace

When griping Grief the Heart
doth wound,
And doleful Dumps the Mind
oppress,
Then Music, with her silver
sound,
With speedy help doth lend
redress.

Shakespeare

The Children's Newspaper, August 4, 1951

THINGS SAID

IT is to Princess Elizabeth that the English-speaking people look up as the ideal of young womanhood and motherhood.

Sir William Gilliat

WE are hemmed in by too many laws in every direction, couched in strange mysterious draftsman's language.

Archbishop of York

A DIPLOMAT is a man who can make his guests feel at home when he wishes they were at home.

Mr. Gifford, U.S. Ambassador

IT is very much easier to weave yourself into a web of regulations than to unweave yourself out of them.

Earl de la Warr

THERE is a danger that this country is becoming a nation of spectators. I would rather my son made ten very scratchy runs himself than have him watch Hutton get his century of centuries.

Duke of Devonshire

TO FEEL WANTED AND CARED-FOR

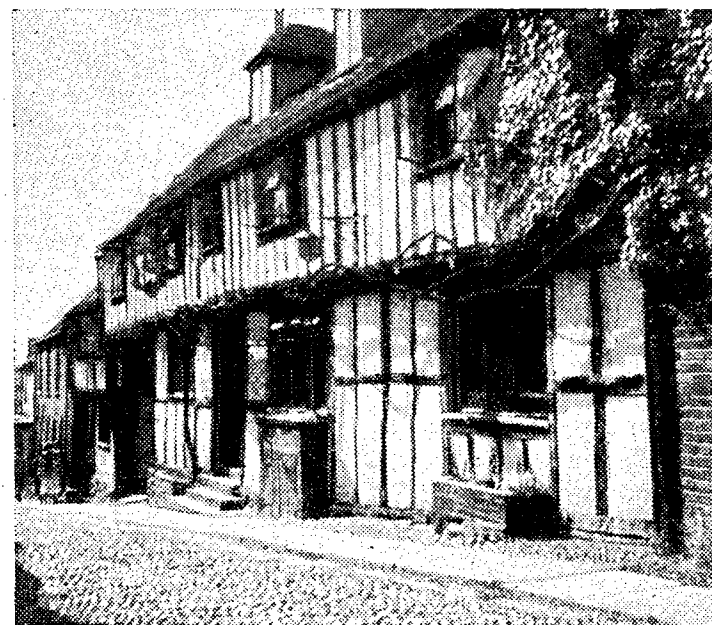
"EVERY child should feel at bedtime that he is specially wanted and cared-for," says a pamphlet of instructions on child care prepared by the Government's Advisory Council on Child Care.

No pronouncement more human has ever come out of Whitehall. In that sentence lies the secret of a happy family. Mothers have instinctively obeyed the precept since time began, but it is good to have it underlined for homes where there is no natural mother for the children.

Weather rhyme

Evening red and morning grey
Will speed a traveller on his way;
But evening grey and morning red,
Will pour down rain upon his head.

Sir John Denham



OUR HOMELAND

The Mermaid Inn
at Rye in Sussex

The Children's Newspaper, August 4, 1951

FIELD FOLK OF AUGUST

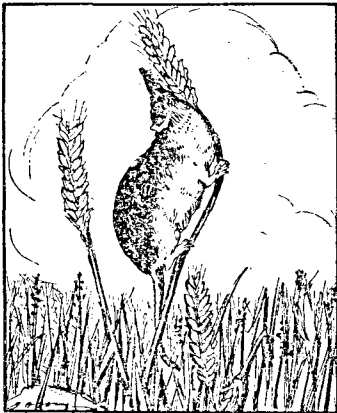
By the Hut Man

UNDER flat stones on grassy hill-sides and field-banks the population of the ant city is awaiting perfect weather for one of the most important moments in the life of the colony. If we uncover such a city in early August we find among the scurrying workers many ants adorned with two pairs of glistening gauze-like wings. These are the young queens and male ants who have left their cocoon cradles and are awaiting the hour of the great Wedding Flight, the wonderful outing which may now occur any day when the sun is shining and the air is warm and bright.

When this ideal moment arrives the winged inhabitants leave the dark corridors of all the underground cities of the surrounding countryside, the little companies mingling together in a glistening throng that rises and falls, comes together and fans out again, stretching across the meadow or lane in a colourful curtain of radiant wings. Then, as the sun sets, the dance slowly draws to a close.

Most of the male ants die from exposure to the cold of evening, but the females—the young queen ants—have a long and busy life ahead. Sinking to earth again, some find their way back to the city of their birth, others enter strange cities and are accepted by the inhabitants; for, unlike the bees who permit only one queen, the colony of the ants may have several queens living happily together.

By far the greater number of queens, however, come to earth far from any city, where they burrow down among the grass roots or under stones, seeking shelter from the wintry months ahead. On alighting, the first task of every young queen is to remove her wings by rubbing them against stems and tugging at them with her legs till they snap off at specially

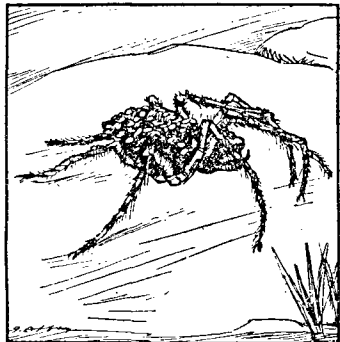


The Common Shrew on a corn stalk

fragile points close to the body. Never again will she know the joys of flight. Her future will be spent egg-laying in the dark central hall of the underground city to which she has returned, or of the new city she will found alone and unaided.

ALL spiders do not weave webs with which to trap their prey. One of the commonest and most interesting of these webless hunters is the wandering Wolf Spider, who hunts like her large and hungry

namesake, with stealthy approach and spring and bite. Had we searched the short turf of hillside and field-bank during the earlier months of summer we would have found the mother Wolf Spider carrying her silken egg-ball wherever she wandered, but now the eggs have hatched and perfect, tiny baby spiders have burst the silk wall which sheltered them.



The Wolf Spider carrying her babies

When first we meet the Wolf Spider on her ceaseless travels during August we may think that her back is covered with lumps or warts, but let us bend down and look closer. We shall then discover that each youngster has clambered to its mother's back on leaving the egg-ball, fixing itself securely in position by a short line of silk—a pick-a-back family.

MANY of our most interesting meetings with wild creatures will take place as we rest quietly during country walks. At such a time we may hear the softest of thin, high-piping whistles coming from the grasses of a laneside bank, and a moment later see the musician himself—a tiny creature, barely four inches long, clad in rich, reddish-brown fur, with a curious nose.

This is the Common Shrew, often called Shrewmouse, though it really isn't a mouse at all. As he sits there among the trefoil leaves of wood-sorrel we can get a good look at him, for his eyes, though black and beady-bright, are not very keen. We have only to be careful and we can make a really close approach. Then we shall see what an attractive little fellow he is, with his silky russet coat fading to pearly grey underneath, his flesh-pink paws and tail, and that long, delicate, tapering nose.

The shrew is almost entirely insectivorous, and as his movements are less quick than those of mice we shall be able to watch him as he hunts among the grasses, turning over stems and leaves with his long snout, sometimes burrowing out of sight among roots, sometimes swinging high after an energetic climb up some branching stalk.

This animals short life of 14 months or so is spent in hunting, for an insect diet is not a sustaining one, and if a shrew is forced to go without food, even for a few hours, he dies.

Small as the Common Shrew appears, his cousin, the Lesser, or Pygmy Shrew, is smaller still, and has, in fact, the distinction of being the smallest mammal in the world.

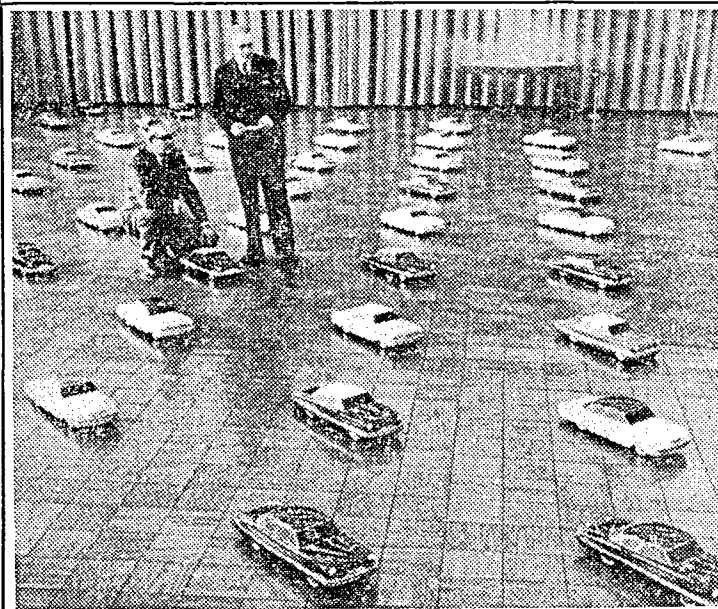
New Blue Duster

British troopships and emigrant vessels owned by or working on charter for the Ministry of Transport are now entitled to fly the Blue Ensign bearing the badge of the Ministry of Transport, instead of the "Red Duster."

The design on the new ensign is officially described as "an anchor argent in front of and interlaced with a wheel gules, ensigned with the Royal Crown." It was hoisted for the first time at Southampton by Mr. Alfred Barnes, Minister of Transport, on the Ministry's largest and fastest troop-carrier, the Empire Fowey.

Troopships owned by the Ministry all carry the prefix Empire, mostly followed by the name of a British river. There are nine of them—Fowey, Halladale, Ken, Medway, Orwell, Pride, Test, Trooper, and Windrush. In addition there are four smaller vessels which are only used in the Mediterranean.

Other ships flying the new ensign are the troopships on long-term charter to the Ministry—the Devonshire, Dilwara, Empress of Australia, and the Lancashire.



CYCLE SERVICE

19. How to carry holiday kit

The French, who are experts in the cycling game, insist on carrying their luggage on their backs. But that is no reason why you should burden yourself in the same way! First, you require a stout saddle-bag—leather, if possible. Support it clear of the mudguard with a carrier, which may also be used for carrying two side-panniers. Panniers are an ideal way of carrying weight on a cycle, as they lower the centre of gravity and increase stability.

Front panniers on your bars also serve to distribute the weight carried by your cycle. They are useful for what you want during the day.

Make sure that saddle-bag and panniers are all firmly secured, and that the carrier is not likely to collapse under the extra weight. Be careful that straps do not trail into your back wheel. V. S.



THE NANDI OF KENYA AND THEIR STRANGE CATTLE

IN the Colony of Kenya lives a strange African tribe which prize, above all else, a beast with one horn pointing to the front and one backwards.

The Nandi, as they are called, nourish many other weird beliefs; for instance, that if you eat meat and drink milk on the same day, the cow may be insulted and refuse to give more milk!

Mr. G. W. B. Huntingford, a lecturer in East African languages and culture at London University, has just completed an exhaustive study of the Nandi. Their homes are in a region not far from Kavirondo Gulf, stemming from the 250-mile-long Lake Victoria.

In country varying from grassland and dense forest to arid scrub and great, rocky escarpments which served as natural defences in the old days of tribal warfare, the Nandi live with one real interest in life—cattle.

So intense is that interest that if you chance upon a pair of tribesmen having a chat, you are certain to hear the word *tuka* (cattle) occurring again and again. Many of these Africans have names linked with cattle—names like "Owner of a black bullock,"

or "Born when the cattle came home."

Their crowning glory is to own an animal with "two-way" horns. These are artificially developed by tying the horns with a special harness of thongs. The Nandi man without such a possession is ashamed; he sits silent at parties, he is ignored at tribal meetings.

Even when they were serving in the East African forces during the war the Nandi seemed to talk only of cattle. They give quaint names to their animals, varying according to their colour, size, or special peculiarities. The average herd numbers 30 or 40, but quality rather than quantity is now being encouraged.

CHANGING DIET

The tribe grow maize and other grain, from which they make a special porridge. The old warriors used to live on milk, blood, and meat, but scarcity of game has altered their diet. They are fond of honey, grow beans and potatoes, and make "tea" from a sweet-smelling shrub.

At mealtimes the family squat by the fire, and a gourd of porridge and a pot of local spinach are passed round. The men eat first, dipping a handful of porridge into the spinach; then the rest of the food is passed to the women and children.

Nandi men look down on women's work, and only recently have they consented to carry goods on their heads. Most of them spend the day tending their cattle, but some are craftsmen, making anklets and necklaces for their womenfolk and hunting-spears and arrow-heads for the men.

Miniature cars and submarine jeep

An American car manufacturing firm chooses the colours of its new models by studying the effect of various shades on miniature cars. The colours on the jeep below mattered little, for it was being driven under water at Marineland, Florida.



LADY HENRY OF BLESSED MEMORY

All who have the cause of Temperance at heart will ever honour the name of Lady Henry Somerset. She was a great Victorian, a woman of gentle birth who became a missionary in a realm of misery, a fearless pioneer who waged a life-long war against the evils of drink.

This generation knows of her only by repute, for it is exactly a century since she was born in London (on August 3, 1851), and it was in London that she died 70 years later.

The crown of her life's work was the farm colony she founded at Duxhurst, near Reigate, in 1895. This was the first home opened in England to which women with a craving for drink could be sent for treatment. A new and often successful approach was here made to a very old problem: for the first time drunkards were looked upon as people sick in mind, and not as criminals.

At Duxhurst, too, Lady Henry Somerset founded and presided over for 15 years a Children's Village for the training of boys and girls rescued from undesirable surroundings. Here, for the last 26 years of her life, Lady Henry found her true happiness.

EMPTY DRUMS ARE A PROBLEM

Getting back the "empties" is a big problem for the manufacturers of oils, fats, greases, paints, and similar products, usually sent out in large metal drums. The empty drums cost nearly as much as full ones to return by rail or road because of the space they take up.

So collapsible drums are now being given a trial. When empty they fold up flat and take up only about one-tenth of the space. The material used is cotton impregnated with synthetic rubber and specially treated against corrosion. These collapsible drums are also very much lighter than metal ones.

Steps to Sporting Fame



Ken McGregor is 22, and stands six feet two inches. He might have made his mark in almost any sport, but lawn tennis was his choice.



Ken was born at Adelaide. At 16 he won distinction in Australian football, a game in which possession of the ball in the air provides one of the most exciting features.



He played cricket, lacrosse, and tennis, too; but it was on the tennis court that his future lay. Ken made his name when he reached the Australian final, beating Drobny and Sidwell on the way.

Ken McGregor



This year at Wimbledon he reached the men's singles final, and with Frank Sedgman won the men's doubles. Good-looking Ken was one of the "postcard-heroes" most in demand at Wimbledon.

TIN-CAN ISLAND'S COCONUTS

Coconuts are still growing on the tiny volcanic island of Niuafuou, most northerly isle of the Kingdom of Tonga and better known to the world as "Tin-Can Island."

In 1947 all the inhabitants of Niuafuou were evacuated to another island of the Tonga Group because a volcanic eruption had destroyed much of their plantation land, and there were fears that the whole island might be devastated.

Fortunately for all concerned, the volcano quietened down and the coconuts continued to flourish on part of the island. Some of the evacuees who had been given land for new homes on the southern island of Eua (pronounced Ay-wa) have made two expeditions to their old home to prepare copra from fallen nuts. The British Ministry of Food buys all the copra that the Tongan people can supply.

The people of tiny Niuafuou used to receive and send away mail in a sealed tin which strong swimmers brought ashore or took out to ships. Now there is no longer a "tin-can mail" from deserted Niuafuou.

FLOATING DOCK CROSSING THE ATLANTIC

One of the largest floating docks in the world is now nearing the end of its slow Atlantic crossing. This is Admiralty Floating Dock No. 5, which has been stationed at Bermuda for many years, and is being brought back to Falmouth following the closing down of the historic Bermuda naval dock. Towing this giant are two naval tugs, the Reward and the Warden.

Even in the more dependable summer weather towing a dock is a difficult task, and many docks have been lost in transit.

The biggest post-war tows of floating docks was when Admiralty brought four of these ponderous structures, worth in all approximately £2,500,000, from India to the Mediterranean without mishap.

LANDSCAPES PAINTED ON PIN-HEADS

Tucked away in a corner of the Festival Gardens in Battersea Park is an exhibition of six landscapes and one portrait—all on pin-heads. Each is enclosed in a glass cylinder under a lens which magnifies 100 times.

Professor Egidio Boschi, from Lavagna, Italy, the artist who accomplished these amazing creations, left Italy after he had finished his artistic training, and went to live in Chile, South America, where he worked for 30 years as a miniaturist.

One day, in 1946, he read a magazine article about a man who had succeeded in inscribing 16 words from the Koran upon a grain of rice. Impressed by this achievement, he was fired with a desire to surpass it, so he painted a landscape upon a grain of rice. But he was still not satisfied.

Then he noticed a pin in a wall, holding some papers. He had a sudden inspiration—a landscape on a pin-head! If he could do that, he would have painted the smallest miniature in the world.

For a brush Professor Boschi used a hair from the back of his hand. He discovered that he could

not use a very powerful lens, as he had intended, because the great magnification created an illusion of a wider area on which to paint than he really had, making it impossible for him to relate the strokes of his single-hair brush to the real size of the pin-head.

For this reason he had to use an ordinary stamp-collector's glass, magnifying only six times.

His next difficulty was that the size of the grains of colour in ordinary oil paint were too large.

FRAGMENT OF THE MOTHERLAND

A piece of stone from the tower of St. John's Church in the Gloucestershire village of Randwick has been built into the fabric of St. Jude's Church, Randwick, near Sydney. This tangible link between the Australian and English Randwicks was arranged by the Rector of St. Jude's, who on his last visit here preached in the Gloucestershire village church.

Another link possessed by the St. Jude's Boy Scouts is a replica of an old Cotswold milestone sent to them by the Gloucestershire Scouts.

He discovered that the oil extracted from the Papavero, a South African flower, diluted the colour satisfactorily.

After four months' work, during which time he used between 300 and 400 pins, he produced his first pin-head miniature. It was a landscape in Chile.

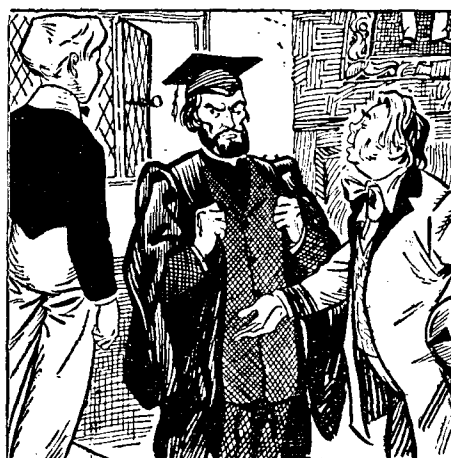
The picture is by no means a vague impression created by flat blotches of colour. It has detail and perspective. The deep green vegetation of the countryside stretches towards distant blue-misted mountains. A lake in the right foreground reflects the sunlit sky.

But the professor was not satisfied. He wanted to achieve a higher standard, so he set to work again.

After he had painted the seventh pin-head miniature—a portrait of a man—he was warned by oculists that unless he gave up this work he would lose his sight completely.

"I cannot do any more," said the professor sadly. "It is a pity, for in art one can never say 'this is as far as it is possible to go.' One can always create something better."

VICE VERSA—F. ANSTEY'S AMUSING SCHOOL STORY, TOLD IN PICTURES (6)



Mr. Bultitude was saved punishment more severe than writing some lines by the kind-hearted dancing-master, who merely told the Doctor he had been inattentive. Mr. Bultitude now felt it was impossible for him to convince the Head who he really was; but he had a brilliant idea. He still had his son's five shillings pocket-money. With this he could run away and catch a train to London.



On the football field next day Mr. Bultitude was sneaking away, to make a bolt for the station, when a small boy ran after him and demanded his rabbit. The fugitive didn't know what he was talking about. The boy called some others. "He promised to bring me back a rabbit this term," he said, "and now he pretends he doesn't know anything about it." Two other boys said Dick had promised them some white mice.



A master came to find what was wrong, and the little boy accused Bultitude of taking half-a-crown from him last term, promising to bring him a rabbit for it. Other boys made similar claims. In alarm Mr. Bultitude remembered he had found his son keeping rabbits and white mice in his room and had ordered them to be drowned. He tried to explain this, but the boys were enraged that their pets were no more.



The master directed that Bultitude should now repay the money he owed. The amount was five shillings—all he had to get him to London and to the magic stone that could turn him back into his usual form! He refused to pay and tried to escape. The others caught him and took a purse from his pocket. The master said the five shillings in it must be paid to the defrauded rabbit- and mouse-fanciers.

Can Mr. Bultitude get back home and become himself again? See next week's instalment

The Children's Newspaper, August 4, 1951

The Gallant Third of Milbourne

Making History (1)

As a reward for the remarkable success in their exams, Mr. Grimmett has taken his Third Form for a holiday in the French Alps. They are staying in the little town of St. Gervais.

MR. GRIMMETT'S industrious Third Form had learned lots of history. But whoever could have predicted that they would make it?

It began when Monsieur Bonjour, one of the most go-ahead members of the Town Council, who spoke English, stopped Mr. Grimmett on the steps of the post office whither he went every morning to collect the letters.

"M'sieur Grimmett?" inquired the young councillor, raising his hat.

"At your service, M'sieur," the Grim Bird responded politely.

"I hope that your boys are enjoying their stay in our Alps?"

"But, certainly," answered the Grim Bird.

"Are they staying with us much longer?"

"For more than a week yet, M'sieur. I trust that you are not finding their visit unwelcome?"

For all his apprehensions were roused by the last question? Were his miserable urchins already making a nuisance of themselves?

BUT he need not have feared. For Monsieur Bonjour proceeded to mention that in England they had a national game they called cricket. "I see her myself played at Lord's. *Magnifique, M'sieur!*"

"I am glad you liked watching it," Mr. Grimmett said carelessly.

"I watch her! I play her, M'sieur," Monsieur Bonjour informed him. "I take the lesson from what you call the professor. He tell me that one day I will play like a king!"

"Indeed!" said the Grim Bird politely.

"But, yes, dear M'sieur. He tell me that when the slow underhand bowling return I am sure to be tried, as he called it, for your grand country. But I do not wish to play at the cricket for England. I wish to play her for my own *patrie*, M'sieur."

"Of course. What a pity you do not play cricket in France."

"A thousand pities!" answered his voluble friend. "But is not that why I address you? Mark, then, M'sieur. It is I, Jean Bonjour, who will introduce the game to France."

And as he spoke he was patting himself on the chest.

"Oh, capital!" answered the Grim Bird. "And how will you do it?"

Never had he addressed a question more thoughtlessly. Nor ever had answer been given with less hesitation.

"I have been requested by the Town Council, M'sieur, to invite you and your boys to play us a match at the cricket."

It staggered Mr. Grimmett. But



what could he say, since the Council had so generously lent him the ground on which the tents of his Third Form were pitched! But then he perceived his way out. "Enchanté, M'sieur!" he responded. "But I grieve to say we have not brought any gear with us. Another summer, possibly, if we should come—"

He got no further. "The gear!" Monsieur Bonjour broke in. "The gear, I bring her myself from England, M'sieur. The bats and the balls and the how do you call them—the stumps. I bring them myself, dear M'sieur, for just such a chance as your amiable visit has given us."

So however could Mr. Grimmett refuse his consent?

"It was just like being chosen to go to Australia!" piped Sprottle, as soon as their Grim Bird had returned with the news.

And there it was next day, on placards all over the town.

Attention! Attention!
Attention!

A Cricket Match
FRANCE *versus* ENGLAND
Will be played on Saturday
next on the meadow behind
the gendarmerie

Admission: 5 francs. Children
free.

So the Third Form was certainly about to make history.

And who was to skipper the side? Well, Pettifer, naturally. For if it hadn't been for the Ants Club, as he rubbed into them, they would never have been playing cricket for England!

YOUNG QUIZ



- 1 Who said: To send an uneducated child into the world is little better than turning out a mad dog or a wild beast into the street?
- 2 What is the name of the target in archery?
- 3 In what county is Leeds Castle?
- 4 A Mistral is—a musical instrument, a title, or a wind?
- 5 95 per cent of the world's sulphur come from —?
- 6 What is the title of Evans of the Broke?
- 7 When did Drake first land in North America?
- 8 Who was "The Lady of the Lamp"?

Answers on page 11

by GUNBY
HADATH

So he took his fountain-pen and a sheet of notepaper, and withdrew himself to consider the names of his team.

ENGLAND *v.* FRANCE

The following have been chosen to play for England:

Oswald J. Pettifer (captain).
Maxton Major.
Thomas G. Balmforth.
Lucius Wheat.
Jellicombe.

There! How did that look? Pretty sound, he reflected. And if it made Monsieur Bonjour mistake Jellicombe for a professional, then all the better for themselves.

But wait! He had only accounted for four of his trustiest performers; or five, including himself. So he'd have to fill up with six more from the others who had come with them.

Well, there was Harrison, who could bowl a bit, he remembered. Gudgeon and Whitstable were useful out-fielders; Farjeon and Luce had been known to scratch a few runs; and, as a last resort, there was Sprottle, who on one memorable occasion had made a valiant one not out!

Pettifer pinned up his list—that would please the lads.

And the Grim Bird would be awfully bucked to be one of the umpires. For it would never do to leave him out in the cold.

So he went to Mr. Grimmett.

And "Sir," he began, "I suppose you're not keen on playing yourself, sir, on Saturday?"

"Indeed not," the Grim Bird assured him, sighing profoundly. "My cricketing days have long since passed into oblivion."

"Into what, sir?" said Pettifer.

"Into forgetfulness."

"Then that will be all right, sir," said Pettifer brightly. "Though we'll all of us miss you, of course."

"Indeed!" said the Grim Bird, with dryness. "Console yourselves, Pettifer. You inquired whether I was keen on playing in your match? I was not, I told you."

He paused to eye Pettifer over the rim of his spectacles, as his manner was when paving the way for a shock. "But can you suppose," he demanded, "that I should desert my miserable Third Form in such an extremity?"

"You mean you intend to play, sir?" said Pettifer, gasping.

"I do," said the Grim Bird. "That's all."

BUT it was not "all" from Pettifer's point of view. For it meant that he must leave out one of the team on the list.

And off he tripped to young Sprottle, his last resort.

"Sprottle," said he, "on thinking it over, old boy, we've got to have a scorer whom we can trust."

"Yes, of course," agreed Sprottle, falling into the trap.

"So you are the very man to take on the job."

"But I'm playing," said

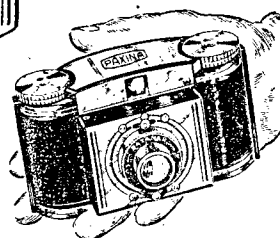
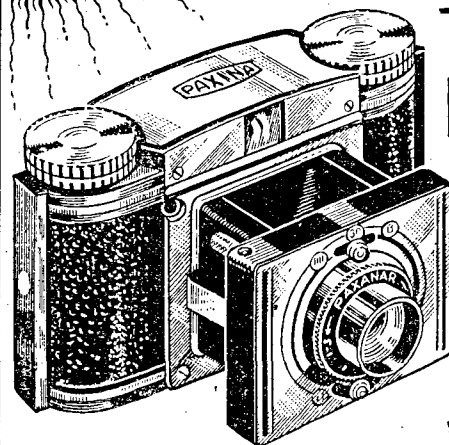
Continued on page 10

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SPORTS SHORTS

WHEN Len Hutton scored his hundredth century in first-class cricket he joined a select band. Here are the 12 others: J. B. Hobbs, 197 centuries; E. Hendren 170; W. R. Hammond 167; C. P. Mead 153; H. Sutcliffe 149; F. E. Woolley 145; W. G. Grace 126; D. G. Bradman 117; A. Sandham 107; T. Hayward 104; E. Tyldesley 102; L. E. G. Ames 100.

MOST schools stage their own sports championships; few can boast a full-scale regatta. But recently the New Town School, Reading, staged a full programme of river sports on the Thames.

BRIAN HASKELL, of Huddersfield, competing in a 110-mile cycle race against Britain's best riders, returned the fastest riding time—and finished last. He had two punctures!

GORDON PIRIE, 21-year-old South London bank clerk, set up a new A.A.A. record when he romped home in the six miles in 29 minutes 32 seconds. Gordon, whose father was a Scottish international cross-country runner, runs at least six miles every day as part of his rigorous training and wears heavy Army boots to harden his feet.

HAYDN DAVIES, Glamorganshire wicket-keeper, takes his benefit in the match with Middlesex, beginning at Swansea on August 1. Next weekend, George Cox (Sussex) will have the match against Middlesex at Hove, and Ray Smith (Essex) the match against Worcester, at Southend.

Haydn Davies began his cricket career in 1935 and has dismissed nearly 400 batsmen. George Cox, who used to play soccer for Arsenal and Fulham, has in 20 seasons scored over 17,000 runs. Ray Smith, of Essex, one of our finest all-rounders, completed the "double" of 100 wickets and 1000 runs in 1948 and again in 1950; since 1934 he has taken well over 800 wickets and scored more than 7000 runs.

GALLANT THIRD OF MILBOURNE

Continued from page 9

Sprottle. "I spotted my name on your list."

"Yes, but now you'll have the honour of scoring instead."

"Oh, I say!" squeaked Sprottle. "I say. It isn't like being chosen to go to Australia. And I have written already to my sister to tell her I'm picked against France."

"Good man!" exclaimed Pettifer soothingly. "And so you are, Sprottle. Every English team that goes to Australia takes its own scorer. And what does that mean? It means that you're England's twelfth man!"

"Does it," said Sprottle, not altogether convinced.

"Of course it does."

"But we haven't a scoring-book, Pettifer."

"Monsieur Bonjour promised to bring one along."

"Oh, did he?" young Sprottle said, cornered. Then, clutching at his last straw, "But I say!" he

R. W. V. ROBINS, captain of Middlesex and England a few years ago, was one of the finest spin bowlers cricket has ever known. Now comes another Robins, and another "spinner"—his 16-year-old son R. V. C. (Charles). Playing for Eton against Harrow, Robins Junior took 13 wickets. He learned his bowling skill in the garden of the Robins' home at Burnham Beeches, and at Eton he has had the advice of Jack O'Connor, former Essex and England all-rounder, who is now the school coach.

SIXTEEN British hockey players are off on a six-week tour of South Africa, which will include four "Tests," at Cape Town, Port Elizabeth, Durban, and Johannesburg. This is the first official British hockey team to go on tour abroad, and includes players from England, Scotland, Wales, and Northern Ireland.

LONDON UNIVERSITY footballers are also on tour; they have left for a programme of 18 matches in East Africa, and the party will be away for about five weeks. Games will be played at Nairobi, Zanzibar, Mombasa, Nakuru, and Kisumu.

JERRY WATERS, a South London cyclist, recently won the National 50-mile tandem-paced championship for the third successive time. This is the first time since the event started, 72 years ago, that any rider has achieved a "hat trick" of victories in this gruelling race.

FOR the fifth year in succession Bert Sutcliffe has been awarded the trophy for the best batting performance in New Zealand cricket.

ROBERT MARSHALL, who has just won the Australian amateur billiards championship for the sixth time, is coming to this country to challenge for the world amateur title. Clark McConachy, of New Zealand, is to play in the big billiards and snooker professional championships.

broke out again, "I can't score in French!"

"Of course you can, Sprottle. It's easy enough!" replied Pettifer.

"Oh, is it! What's the French for leg-before-wicket?"

"And how should I know?" snapped Pettifer. "Ask the old Grim Bird."

"No, thank you," said Sprottle sarcastically. "The Grim Bird would make me write it out fifty times. And I didn't come here to write impots. Honestly, I didn't!"

There was something in that, as Pettifer had to agree. "All right then," he uttered. "I'll tell you what you must do. You just shove down jambe devant wicket. That's the idea."

"Yes," said Sprottle, not without pride.

And so dawned the day of the match.

Read next week of the thrills in this England versus France match.

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The Children's Newspaper, August 4, 1951

STOREHOUSE OF LONDON HISTORY

A temporary home in Kensington Palace has been found for the London Museum, housed up to the outbreak of war in 1939 in Lancaster House, St. James's.

The wing it occupies has been strikingly decorated in pale green and white, with concealed fluorescent lighting. It is one of the oldest parts of the Palace, with long corridors and unexpected alcoves leading into small rooms. All these are cleverly used to display London of bygone days.

Many splendid scale models depict centuries-old street scenes, a particularly fascinating one being of the Great Fire of 1666; the small houses appear to be burning fiercely, and figures are seen running for safety across old London Bridge.

In the children's corner are displayed toys, games, dolls and fully furnished doll's houses—many with strange stories behind them. Queen Victoria's nursery is on view with its original furniture; her toys, dolls and small writing table and paper knife are just as she left them.

Another room is full of magnificent period costumes. These include coronation robes and wedding dresses as well as slippers and

clothes of royal babies. Queen Mary has taken an active interest in its arrangement.

The rooms are set out in chronological order, beginning with flint tools and passing on to Roman coins and footwear, Saxon and Viking jewellery and games, medieval armour, a sedan chair, Chelsea and Bow china figures, and lurid playbills of the last century, to name but a few of the unique treasures through which the history of London can be traced back to its earliest days.

The Museum Director, Mr. W. F. Grimes, intends to pursue a policy of change at regular intervals so that although lack of space prevents all the exhibits being displayed, in time everything of interest will have been on show.

CANADIAN SCHOOLBOY ACTORS

A party of 27 Canadian schoolboys, pupils of Upper Canada College, Toronto, have arrived in this country on a holiday tour. In a number of towns in England and Scotland they are performing Thornton Wilder's well-known play, *Our Town*.

MUSIC-MAKERS AT LLANRWST

The chief event of the Festival in Wales is the Royal National Eisteddfod, which will be held at Llanrwst next week, from August 6 to 11.

On Tuesday, Children's Day, the young folk will show how they are keeping up their national tradition of music-making. There will be choral and orchestral competitions for them, followed by the ceremony of the Crowning of the Bard.

The day itself will be crowned by the music of 600 young voices of the National Eisteddfod Children's Choir, and the National Youth Orchestra of Wales, conducted by Clarence Raybould.

Among other inspiring musical events at the Eisteddfod will be performances by the Welsh National Opera Company with the BBC Welsh Orchestra, conducted by Rae Jenkins on August 6, and the National Eisteddfod Choir of 600 voices on August 8. There will also be Welsh drama competitions, and an Arts and Crafts Exhibition.

CHAIR FROM ARGENTINA

This year's Eisteddfod is indeed a special occasion and a temporary pavilion has been built for it to seat 8000 people. Many exiled Welshmen have come home for it, and those in the Argentine have given the bardic chair for the best ode. The chair has been made at the Welsh Folk Museum at St. Fagans.

The pleasant old town of Llanrwst, amid the meadows and woods of the Conway valley, is an appropriate setting for this festival of music and poetry. It was once famed for its making of Welsh harps, and it was the home of the learned squire, William Salesbury, who in 1567 first translated the New Testament into Welsh. In a museum are the "spurs and spear of Dafydd-ab-Shencyn," a legendary Robin Hood of Wales, who is the hero of a well-known song.

The graceful bridge over the Conway is said to have been designed, by Inigo Jones, whose ancestors came from Llanrwst. It is also said that this bridge can be shaken by a good thump on its central arch, but few people nowadays seem able to thump hard enough.

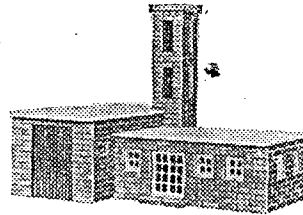
PAINTER OF HORSES

The famous Walker Art Gallery in Liverpool has just been reopened after being closed for 12 years, and among its attractions is an exhibition (until August 25) of paintings by George Stubbs, who was born in the city in August 1724.

Stubbs was a talented painter of animals and has been called The Reynolds of the Horse. He also wrote a book on the Anatomy of the horse.

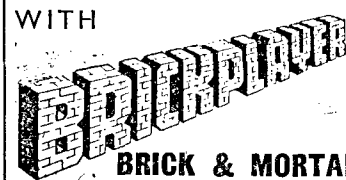
YOUNG QUIZ—Answers

- 1 William Paley.
- 2 The boss.
- 3 Kent.
- 4 A wind.
- 5 Texas.
- 6 Admiral Lord Mountevans.
- 7 In 1579.
- 8 Florence Nightingale.



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Can you do
2 good turns
at once?

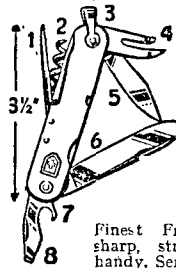
Mother sometimes gives you an odd copper when you do a job for her and this is how you can turn one good turn into two and help the N.S.P.C.C. to help unhappy children. Save up these coppers and, when you've collected 2/6, send it in with the form below, which you should cut out and fill in. This will make you a member of the League of Pity, the Children's Branch of the N.S.P.C.C. The League will then send you a Blue Bird Badge to keep and wear and, on loan, a Blue Egg in which to put your League savings. You can be sure that every penny you earn or collect will help the N.S.P.C.C. to make some poor, ill-treated boy or girl happy. That's a worthwhile target, isn't it?



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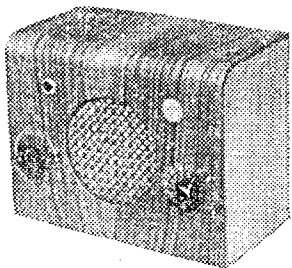
Indeed this is a special offer of popular service grey military shirts. Strong absorbing material. Smart collar attached, long sleeves, reinforced cuffs, under arms and yoke. Really a genuine bargain that you must not miss. All sizes up to 17". Give neck size. Guaranteed unshrinkable. Good length. 3 for 30/-. Post free.

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CN Fortnightly Competition No. 6

WIN THIS RADIO!

• £5 in Other Prizes



HERE is the sixth of CN's new series of complete-in-one-week competitions—and an opportunity for you to win the First Prize of a fine all-mains radio! There will also be 10 Ten Shilling notes for runners-up. So get busy at once!

All you have to do is to study the groups illustrated below and decide which is the "Odd Man Out" in each group. For example, Group A shows a bowl of flowers, but one of the flowers is in some way different from the others, so you should write as your answer "A"—and then the flower you think is out of place in that group, and the reason.

The Prize Radio will be awarded to the boy or girl whose list of answers is correct or most nearly so, and the best-written with regard to age. Other prizes will be awarded in order of merit.

Entries may be on postcards or plain paper, and either ink or pencil may be used. Remember to add name, age, and address at the top right-hand corner; also ask your parent, guardian, or teacher to sign the completed entry as your own written work. Then cut out and attach to it the competition token (marked "CN Token") and given at the foot of the back page of this issue). Post to

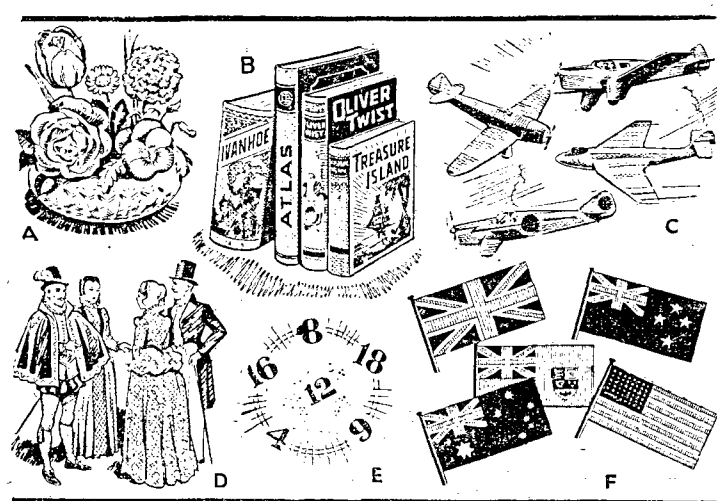
CN Competition No. 6,

5 Carmelite St., London, E.C.4 (Comp.),

to arrive by Tuesday, August 14.

This competition is open to all readers under 17 in Great Britain, all Ireland, and the Channel Islands. The Editor's decision will be final.

Which are the "Odd Men Out?"



THE BRAN TUB

MINUS QUANTITY

"BUT I don't think I deserved absolute zero for my paper," said the student to the professor after seeing his marks.

"Neither do I," said the professor; "but that was the lowest mark I am allowed to give."

Unwanted

THE gust of wind fills me with awe

That whips and pounds the summer seas.

I like my swim when winds don't blow,

When the sea is calm, and smooth.

And so, Dear Mr. Weather Clerk and Co.,

No "awe" or "gust," in August, please.

OTHER WORLDS

IN the evening Venus and Saturn are low in the west, and Jupiter

is low in the east. In the morning Jupiter is in the south. The picture shows the Moon at 6 o'clock on Wednesday morning, August 1.



Enigma

It keeps a river in;
And on it wild thyme grows.
Yet here you pay in cash,
And from it money flows.
What is it?

Answer next week

BEDTIME CORNER

Mr. Portly picked a peck

ONE morning Mummie said that Ann and Christopher might pick the ripe apples off the summer apple tree.

"But take care how you climb from the ladder out on to the branches," she warned them. "And try not to drop any apples onto the gravel, because bruised ones won't keep, and we've more than enough fallings already."

So Christopher got the ladder, and Ann the baskets, one for sound fruit, and a small one for the damaged ones. They took two string shopping bags up the tree to hang on the branches as they picked the fruit. Colin and Mr. Portly were going to watch, and play ball between times.

By lunch time half the tree was stripped and no sound apples had been dropped at all! Leaving Mr. Portly out there, the children went in to eat.

Now, that ladder had fascinated Mr. Portly, and with the children out of the way, he

went climbing up it himself, and onto the branches. But when he saw the gay string bags hanging there, half full, he started a wonderful game of pouncing on them and swinging them to and fro. Bouncing among the branches, he thoroughly enjoyed himself. But unfortunately, in doing so, he knocked apple after apple—plonk!—on the gravel below.

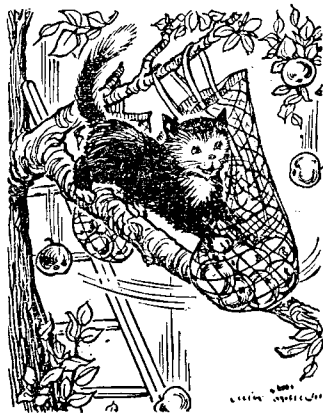
When the children came out the ground was strewn with fallen fruit, while Mr. Portly still gambolled.

"You naughty cat!" cried Christopher, climbing up to collect him, while Ann collected the damaged apples.

"But he isn't really naughty," she exclaimed after a moment. "Because every apple here but one has a grub in it, so they wouldn't have kept, anyway."

"Oh, good!" cried Christopher in a relieved voice. "That's why they came away easily, of course. So we needn't scold Mr. Portly after all."

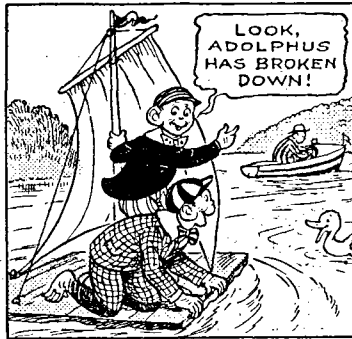
JANE THORNICROFT



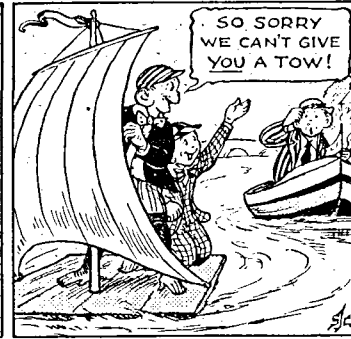
IT'S ALL PLAIN SAILING FOR JACKO AND CHIMP



Jacko and Chimp had a true sailor's pride in their home-made craft.



It might not move as fast as Adolphus's—but it kept moving.



And they had the last laugh as they sailed past the stranded Adolphus.

PREPARED

THE man rushed into the village grocer's shop.

"Let me have all the stale eggs you have," he said.

"Ah! I suppose you are going to see Hamlet at the village hall tonight," said the grocer knowingly.

"Shush!" whispered the man, glancing round nervously; "I am Hamlet."

A Holiday puzzle

MY first is in shrimp but not in crab,

My second's in flounder but not in dab.

My third is in spade and pail as well;

My fourth is in seaweed but not in shell;

My fifth is in brine but not in sea,

My whole is something you catch for tea.

Answer next week

Fun of the fair

SAID a merry old man from Zambesi:

"To catch the small pig looks quite easy."

But he found it was not, For, you see, he forgot That the pig was both agile and greasy.

ONE SHAPE

"HAVE you anything in the shape of cucumbers?" asked the customer of the greengrocer.

"Nothing except bananas, madam," was the reply.

RODDY



"And do the flowers always close on Wednesday, too, Granny?"

CHAIN QUIZ

The answers to the clues below are linked together, the last two letters of the first answer being the first two letters of the next answer, and so on.

1. City and province of French Canada; city, lying on cliffs above River St. Lawrence, was the scene of General Wolfe's famous last battle.

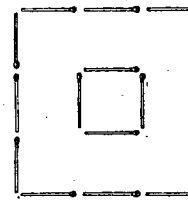
2. Mythological chatterbox, condemned by Hera (Juno) to repeat words of other people; pined away for love of Narcissus until only voice remained—which we still here!

3. English composer (1874-1934) of partly Swedish descent; best-known work is The Planets, from which is taken the tune of the hymn, "I vow to thee, my country."

4. Popular name of fish found widely in this country; builds a nest for young and guards them during early life.

Answer next week

SQUARE DEAL



ARRANGE 16 matches to form two squares as in the diagram. The problem is to move four of the matches and make three squares.

Answer next week

The happy tripper

This little verse appeared in a Cambridge magazine while the tripos examinations for degrees were being held.

O HAPPY the skipper who's home from the sea,
And happy the kipper he has for his tea;
And happy the clipper that rides by the shore;
But happy as Pippa or any young nipper
You'll find is the tripper whose tripos is o'er!

FARMER GRAY EXPLAINS

YELLOW - HAMMERS. The bird was nearly seven inches long. "It's a yellow-hammer," said Don. "I thought it was a scribbling-lark," Ann replied. "I've never heard of a scribbling-lark; I'm certain it's a yellow-hammer," answered her brother.

"No need to argue, children," said Farmer Gray. "Yellow-hammers are called 'Scribes or Scribbling-larks,' owing to the odd markings on their eggs, which look as though they have been scrawled on with indelible pencil. The bird's plumage varies. Young birds are brown nearly all over, excepting the head. Old males are much yellower. In flight, the white tail-feathers become prominent."

Hard pull

THE new farmhand was set to ploughing a field. Some time later the farmer found him exhausted under a tree.

What's the matter?" asked the farmer.

"How do you expect me to hold a plough with two great horses trying to pull it away from me all the time?" demanded the other indignantly.

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

Riddle-my-name

Roland

Anagram

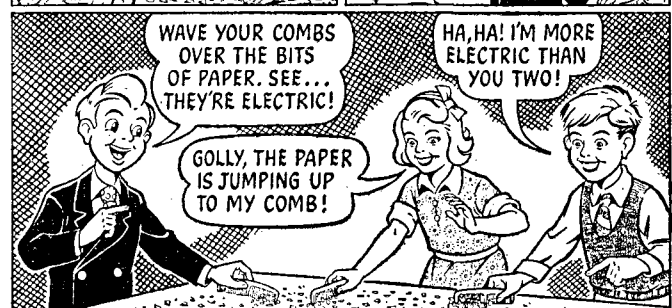
Race (care, acre)

Chain Quiz

Clemenceau, Auden, Enoch, Chartres

M	E	R	I	T	O	V	A
E	R	E	O	O	Z	E	D
T	R	A	I	N	S	T	A
O	C	T	E	T	S	G	
A	R	T	S	L	I	V	E
L	S	E	R	E	N	E	
A	S	L	A	R	G	E	R
C	H	E	F	S	E	R	A
K	I	E	G	P	U	S	S

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